scarcely dent.

deserts altogether.

SAVED BY HIS POVERTY.

The Young Poet No Longer Fears What

Fate May Have in Store for Him.

than I had ever been in my life before

had decided on gas as the most economica

way of departing from this barassed life.

"I returned upstairs, fell into the room

and lay for a few minutes on the bed con-

templating the step I was about to take.

I found myself still determined and walked

over to the windows. I closed them tightly

and then turned on the two gas burner

and dropped into a quiet sleep.
"In the morning I woke up feeling only a little bit worse than usual, which I attributed to the drinks. Suddenly the lack of fresh air in the room called my attention to the episode of the night before. Why had I ever waked up? Why had the gas failed to accomplish the pur-

fresh air. Then I rang the bell to inquire of the janitor what had happened to the gas. It seemed incredible that the quality

be so poor as not to leave even at

snould be so poor as not to leave even an odor in the air. After a while he appeared.

"I suppose it won't light, sir, he said, 'because the man from the company was here yesterday and turned it off. You see, sir, it was not paid for these three months."

months.'

"I couldn't help smiling. It was plain
I was not intended to be a victim of poverty,
whatever happened. My own poverty
had in fact been the thing that saved my
life. So I don't get discouraged now. I
know I'm not intended to be a victim of a
tragedy of fate."

A Warning in Boston "I have heard and read a good many things about Boston which I did not be-

which I saw over the side entrance of a

home on one of the principal thoroughfares caused me to think hard things about the town. The sign read:

"I submit, notwithstanding my profound

respect for the academic atmosphere of the old town, that this is too Bostonesque for me. When I tried to express my fag

eeling at this affectation my friend who

hibernates in Cambridge said that the sign originally read 'Ecce canis.' I believed it,

Virginia Girl and Her Aged Suitor.

From the Baltimore Herald.

Weems Line steamer from Carter

Creek, Lancaster county, Va., several days

girl's hand invited her to go rowing, and

Unmistakable Evidence of Wealth.

That wealth is one of the most comparative

of terms, those in moderate circumstances often being considered "rich" by persons of

often being considered "rich" by persons of less means, was aptly illustrated by an old colored "mammy" in East Baltimore several days ago. She had been doing the laundry work of a certain family for quite a while, but, deciding to leave the neighborhood, she had come to tell them that she would no longer be able to perform these duties. The lady of the house, wishing to secure another good washerwoman, inquired of the faithful "mammy" as to the reliability of another colored woman whom she happened to know lived next door to her.

"Lew, Missus," replied the old darky, "dat woman doan" do no washin; she's rich, she is. She's got a doorbell to her house!"

From the Baltimore Sun.

A story of Machiavellian diplomacy

without prejudice.

said a man of travel. "But a sign

lay down. I felt no strange sensations

"I never get discouraged any more," said

## FADS OF THE NEW YORK GIRL.

MOTOR BOAT-ING IS HER LATEST DE-LIGHT. HER NERVE AND CLOTHES FIT IT. -!- -!- -!-

A motor boat is the New York girl's latest This motor boating is a wild, tragic delight. Sally forth at the start with a life preserver, an accident policy and an

The first step in handling the boat is to learn to swim: the second is to train the ear to recognize the preface to a gasolene explosion, and the third is to put one's nerves to the tests employed in making saumarai boys into Spartan soldiers. If you are fearless, an athlete, with a prophetic inpower motor, then you are ready to face the spray, and get a record or two. The New York girl had learned to swim,

and she had at the outset the cast iron tem of nerves that fashionable American girls generally boast; for they live out of doors, these very modern and rich girls, from the time they can handle a racket or an oar, and the sun browns their skins and soaks into their nerves and bronzes their hair and sweetens their nature. And they grow fearless and adventurous with a red-brown skin, whether they are blonde or brunette, which will soon be known as the American complexion.

At the start the New York girl had but one rival in running her own boat. Every girl she knew could drive her own auto and had made records and had adventures, had been ditched without fear and without reproach, and had ditched her friends without temerity or apology.

It was nothing that she was a motor tour ist and that her dull blue veil was as well known in the Adirondacks and White Mountains as the house flag of her brother's yacht is in the New York and Continental harbors. All the world runs an auto.

But at the time of the purchase of her motor boat she had but one competitor as water chauffeur, or "skippeur," and that was Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, who not only takes the wheel of her own little water motor, but takes the prizes from the men who own power boats, big ones, and have

been practicing and boasting all summer. Mrs. Vanderbilt, with the instinct of a true housewife and true sportswoman, named her boat the Hard Boiled Egg, because it could not be beaten. In a race of New Rochelle this sprightly little craft was a winner in its class, making nineteen miles in 1 hour

and 20 minutes.

The New York girl has since made the same distance in 1 hour and 9 minutes. She has named her record breaking boat Posterity, because she is always trying to do something for it. It is built so lightly that even she dere not sit on the gunwals, and even she dare not sit on the gunwale, and racing in rough water loosens the rivets and the sea pours into the hull so that it has to be repaired as often as a chiffon frock

be repaired as often as a chiffon frock after a dance.
You may be the best skipper on the coast, but it won't help you any with your metor boat. To rely upon your yachting experience for a power boat would be like using your knowledge of ice skating on roller skates. You'd simply get upset.

The New York girl is a licensed skipper, and she knows as many technical things about a yacht as she does about a tailormade dress. Tillers and sails are no more difficult for her to manage than various made drees. Tillers and sails are no more difficult for her to manage than various dancing steps. But she finds they have nothing to do with "driving" a wheel in a little catamaran that looks like a huge cartridge fitted up with an armchair and a whirring propeller.

No previous knowledge of other sports was any belo to the driver of Posterity

riveted and braced with piano wire in-stead of steel ribs—a fairy boat for a flower race; but it is daily turned loose in a choppy sea in which only an old salt or a modern seafaring girl could keep steady. And there are no life preserving theories, and only Enthusiasm and careless Adventure at the helm.

at the helm.

In her amateur boating days the New York girl found herself somewhat be-wildered and concerned because the Posterity seemed always to slide over the water, never to slip into it. It was much like tobogganing on the level with the front runners in the sir. So long as the stern touched water and gave the propeller a chance to do a little business, speed was assured, irrespective of the antics of the spirited prow.

assured, irrespective of the antics of the spirited prow.

This very sportive feeling of the little boat adds much to the exhilarating delight of automobiling in water. It's dangerous enough, but there are no ditches to woo one, nor stone walls to climb, nor timorous ladies to chase, nor real estate to hide in one's eyes in criminal quantities; and there is nothing to explode but the engine itself, which is not nearly as heavy a financial loss to the legatees as a well built, eneedy automobile would be.

The New York girl only paid for her power boat half as much as she had for her automobile. To be sure, she couldn't hold her own in a race with the French water motors, but she can "drive" up the Hudson, hidden in a tarpsulin, to an afternoon tea, or she can make a new record at Newport between luncheon and tea, or maybe dash down New York harbor to meet a friend on an incoming steamer. And she can furnish herself an hour's most intoxicating, invigorating sport at a minute's

cating, invigorating sport at a minute's notice any day or sort of day with the help of but a single man, lover, brother or any

of but a single man, lover, brother or any kindly old tar in the stern.

Great as is the thrilling joy of the sport, a sport that takes the brain of a Japanese Admiral, the wrist of a French feacer, the sheer living joy of a Greek and the nerve of an American girl, still the spray and foam and strain on the wheel and uptiff of the bow are not all of the interest in motor boating—there are the clothes.

A costume new and unusual had to be costyned which would be at once becoming,

nautical, motorish and practical to be pernautical, motorish and practical to be permanently pretty.

Of course for bad days, for a race in a thunder storm, for a "drive" through gray sea mist, or for rough sea boating there is always the gay yellow tarpaulin, picturesque, with a tarpaulin hat, artistic as a color scheme and usually becoming, for the New York girl is young and fresh and rosy brown and in harmony with a vivid yellow prach on a blue-green ways.

brown and in harmony with a vivid yellow patch on a blue-green wave.

But for record races and fair weather spins, or a trip with a man who is expected to admire beauty as well as skill—for the New York girl is a sweetheart first and a sportswoman after—there had to be a stunning suit of nattical flannels, smart and durable and dark blue and open at the throat.

Men started out in the water motor with automobile caps, leather costs and "spray"

automobile caps, leather costs and "spray goggles," and a ridiculous sight they were, and miserable objects they felt. But the motor tars around New Rochelle soon put a stop to it and adopted a loose shirt with no collar, a yachting cap, rolled up sleeves, and goggles no more then an eart tumpet. and goggles no more than an ear trumpet.

And the New York girl has modelled her motor dress on this design. The shirt waist is a dark blue storm serge, short, with but little fulness and no trimming, worn over knickers of dark blue silk lined with fine soft lawn, black ribbed stockings

and loose low shoes.

The blouse of white India silk is full and plain and turned in at the neck, with loose sleeves, usually tucked up to the shoulder. The outer blouse is of blue serge, a close imitation of her tarpaulin jacket, with a straight high band collar—this for a cool morning or when resting after a stiff spell at the wheel.

And the cap, which is only to keep some And the cap, which is only to keep some curly hair from flying about too much, is a white yachting oilcloth, with Posterity in gold letters on the blue band. There is always a tarpaulin down in the "hold" against a time of need, but the motor Venus is not afraid of spray and foam and even a dash of surf in her face. If she can see through it, she can laugh through and win through it.

She will woo this new fad assiduously this season, for another summer will find half the amart girls with power boats. As soon as the novelty and possible fear of water motoring is over, the fad will be over, and hundred-dollar, bargain craft will force the New York girl into fresh fields of adventure and danger.

SHARK STORY FROM HAWAII. If a Fish Didn't Tow This Steamer the Skipper Would Like to Know What Did.

HONOLULU, Aug. 11 .- Sharks attain mammoth proportions in Hawaiian waters. Therefore the assertion of Capt. Simerson of the interisland steamer Mauna Loa that s giant selachian towed his boat a quarter of a mile isn't so strange as it would be if told of other waters.

"It happened on our last outward trip. aid Capt. Simerson. "We half expected that we would have to call at Mahukona to fetch back to Kona the jurors and wit-nesses of the Circuit Court. We were to get word at Maui, but as we didn't re-

get word at Maui, but as we didn't receive any message we ran right on to
Kailua as usual.

"It seems that the lighthouse keeper at
Kailua thought that we were going to
Mahukona and wouldn't call at Kailua
that night. As a consequence he hadn't
lit the light, and when we arrived early
in the morning everything was affil dark

"The boat's moving. You can't have given her enough chain."

"She's got all the chain she wants,' said the mate. 'I don't know what's hitting her. What are we going to do?'

"We ran to the bow to investigate the matter. Looking hard out into the darkness in front of us, finally we could make out a big dark object just ahead.

"It was a big shark. He must have been between eighteen and twenty feet long. He had the anchor in his mouth and was pulling us along like a good fellow. The anchor must have dropped right in front

pulling us along like a good fellow. The anchor must have dropped right in front of him and he picked it up out of curiosity.

"I was just trying to devise some plan of action when the shark dropped the anchor and swam off.

"I looked around to be sure of our position and then I realized what was really the strangest thing about the whole affair. The place where we first anchored wasn't the right place. The shark had picked up the anchor and towed us over a quarter of a mile and anchored us precisely in our regular safe anchorage."

A moment's silence fell upon the crowd of listeners. Then up spoke one of the wise ones:

"I heard from one of the crew that the next day the pilot fish that goes with the shark brought in a bill for towing services and pilot fee."

"That," said Capt. Simerson, with dignity, "is not the truth. Anyhow, we wouldn't have paid such a bill, as we hadn't asked for the service."

> Farmhand for 83 Years. From the Atchison Globe.

William B. Davison, aged 82 years, died at the home of Mrs. Pet Hutson, a few miles the home of Mrs. Pet Hutson, a few miles east of here, last night. The deceased had been employed on the Hutson farm since 1871—thirty-three years. He had been employed as a farmhand on one place longer than any other farmhand in this section.

When his employer, Pet Hutson, died many years are, he provided in his will for Davison's maintenance. Since then Davison has been a member of the Hutson family, and was tenderly cared for during his last illness. For the past fifteen years he has not been able to do much work. Davison served as a Confederate soldier during the civil war. He was born in Mercer county, W. Va. The deceased will be interred in the Gore Cemetery, near the grave of his old employer.

### MAKING JAPANESE SWORDS.

ALL THE OPERATIONS ARE PER-FORMED BY HAND.

Weapon Supposed to Be Sanctified by the Gods and the Manufacture Is a Religious Ceremony-Product Rivals the Famous Blades of Toledo and Damaseus

The swordmakers of Toledo and Damas cus have been reputed to be the world's most famous artisans in this industry, but in Japan the swordsmiths turn out weapons whose blades are fully as keen and as hard as those of the old swordsmiths.

Furthermore, the Japanese sword is supposed to be sanctified by the god who the patron of this industry, says Chambers's Journal. In fact, the making of the sword is, to a great extent, a religious ceremony, and all of the operations are performed by hand.

The first step, of course, is to forge the steel. This is done in a hut specially built for the purpose, containing the bellows the anvil and the hammers used by the chief swordsmith and his assistants. Upon the walls are placed what the Japanese call kakemonas, representing the god of the swordmakers and the chief goddess of the

The walls are also decorated with wispe of straw and zigzag shaped pieces of white paper charms, which are intended to keep off evil spirits. Great care is also taken t prevent any woman or girl from setting foot in the building, as women are supposed to be attended by demons who would injure

the quality of the swords. The chief instruments in making swords are two large sledge hammers, weighing twelve pounds each, and a smaller one, weighing two pounds, which is used by the chief swordsmith. Before work at a forge is begun prayer is offered up to the patron god. Prayer having been finished, the work begins.

The metal used in swordmaking is Japan ese steel, made by melting iron ore in a charcoal furnace and dropping it into cold water. The carbon derived from the charcoal causes the formation of steel. It comes in lumps which average about one and half pounds apiece, and about fifteen of them are required to make a sword blade weighing when finished, without sheath or mountings, from one and a half to two

The reason why such a quantity of the metal is required is that every ounce of it is carefully examined for defects, and should there be any which is considered inferior it is rejected.

It is inspected by heating each lump of the steel to a high temperature, then plunging it into cold water and breaking it into fragments, every one of which is examined If the maker notes that the edge of a piece glistens or is of uneven color it is imme diately condemned.

After a sufficient number of small piece of good quality have been accumulated another of the original lumps of steel is heated and beaten out into a flat slab. This slab, while red hot, is creased in two parallel straight lines by beating the edge of a hatchet into the flat surface of the slab with

a nammer.

The slab of steel is then rendered brittle and broken along these creases, forming a rectangular slab of steel some two and a half or three inches wide. Upon it are piled a number of the small fractured bits of steel.

When a process of the small fractured bits of steel.

of steel.

When enough has been piled up to make a heap about two or three inches high, the whole is first sprinkled with straw ashes, and then a mixture of earth and made drees. Tillers and sails are no more difficult for her to manage than various dancing steps. But she finds they have nothing to do with "driving" a wheel in a little catamaran that looks like a huge cartridge fitted up with an armchair and a whirring propeller.

No previous knowledge of other sports was any help to the driver of Posterity when it came to a race in a rough sea for a record men, would envy. The boat is so frail that the slightest overstrain or a cellision with a good sized mackerel would be disastrous. It is stitched instead of

This is repeated over twenty times be-fore the metal is sufficiently kneaded to suit the smith. Three ingots of this kind are required to make the sword, and are welded and beats into a rough combined

fore the metal is sufficiently kneaded to suit the smith. Three ingots of this kind are required to make the sword, and are welded and beaten into a rough semblance of the sword blade by the heavy hammers. It is then taken in hand by the chief swordsmith, who, with his small hammer, and aided by his assistants, gradually beats this mass of steel into the shape of the sword blade. It is a process requiring great manual dexterity, acquired only by long practice, and the result is wonderfully accurate when one considers that nothing is used but hammer and anvil.

When the finishing touches are being given to the blade the work is done entirely by the chief swordsmith, who dips his hammer into cold water while the fashioning of the sword is going on. The use of water serves to cleanse the surface of the steel of dirt and causes a thin layer of oxydized or burned steel to scale off, thus insuring a thoroughly clean surface to the sword when beaten into shape.

The sword is then completely fashioned by the use of files and an instrument resembling a carpenter's drawing knife.

The next process, that of hardening, is peculiar to the Japanese sword, and is looked upon as the most important part of its manufacture, while the person who does the hardening is regarded as the maker of the sword, it being his name which is inscribed upon the hilt. His spirit, his character, his individuality, are supposed to enter into the blade he hardens, and the blade is good accordingly.

The blade is covered over to the thickness of about one-eighth of an inch with a rather thick paste made by mixing a certain kind of fire clay with water. The edge and point of the sword are then scraped clean and re-covered with a much thinner layer of clay containing proportionally more water than the clay which has already been put on.

All openings into the forge are closed so as to exclude the light, for darkness is necessary in order to determine the proper temperature of the blade to be hardened. Prayer having been offered up, the chief smith ta

# OF THE WOODS.

Circumstantial Narrative of Badness in Hamilton

ing charcoal until the whole blade is uniformly heated from end to end.

The test which determines the proper degree of temperature is when the saftire blade attains that degree of redness which is seen when one looks at the bright six with the eyelids closed. With a shout of exultation the smith plunges the blade into water of a temperature of 100 degrees, and moves it to and fro until all sizzling ceases. The sword now goes into the hands of the professional polisher and sharpener of swords, which is a separate branch of work.

The last step taken before it is ready for use is to have it blessed or sanctified by the sword god. When the polishing is completed the weapon is placed in front of the kakemona suspended on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice and sweetmeats, while the swordsmith and his assistants take their prayer scrolls and make the final offerings to the deity to bless it.

During the ceremonies their friends of the male sex are invited to examine the weapon, and also to partake of their hospitality. Then every one departs, as the sword must be left alone with the kakemona all night in order that his influence.

While the Japanese weapon is undoubtedly equal in quality to the blade.

While the Japanese weapon is undoubtedly equal in quality to the blade of Toledo and cannot be bent double like the famous products of the old Spanish swordsmiths.

It will retain its edge, however, a remarkably long time, even when put to rough usage, and will cut through substances which the ordinary steel blade would scarcely dent.

SAUED BY HIS POVERTY NORTHVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 27 .- Eddie Taylor was released from the Hamilton county jail at Lake Pleasant to-day after having served a term of thirty days for stealing a pair of trousers-they were cheap trousers at that, he says-from a resident of Wells. Taylor or "Eddie, as every one calls him, is the only prisoner that George Call, the warden, has had in his charge since last winter. His departure has given much relief to the warden, his wife and Miss Florence Burns, a pretty Philadelphia young woman who is spending

Eddie has been the most unruly prison in a way that Warden Call has come across in a long while. He upset many of the

In the first place, when he reached the jail and had been escorted to his cell in that cosy little building, he announced that he wanted to rest and would not work. Warden Call, who is a genial soul, couldn' see how that could be helped, so he did what he could to make things easy for his charge. A set of regulations was drawn up and the prisoner was told that he must observe them.

the young poet who has not always had an This was fairly satisfactory until two easy time in persuading publishers to accept his work. "I am sure now that I am not as he pleased. The door of his cell was destined to be one of those that fortune never locked, nor was the door of the jail. But then came Miss Burns to occupy a "One night last winter I was harder up room in the jail, not as a prisoner, but as a

"pay boarder." Everything was going wrong. I could not see any light ahead and decided that I might The Sacandaga Lake Hotel, a short distance away from the jail, was burned to the ground and about one hundred and fifty as well bring the business to an end for guests were without shelter. Most of "It took several drinks to bring my courage to the sticking point. After a while I felt equal to the struggle and went home. them went home, but a few liked the locality so well that they decided to scout around for rooms. Miss Burns was one of these. A large front room on the top floor of Warden Call's two story jail met her approval. The jail walls are of stone and more than two feet in thickness, making the interior exceedingly cool. Its quiet is conducive to slumber. She took the room.

exceedingly cool. Its quiet is conducive to slumber. She took the room.

Now Eddie, the prisoner, was evidently proud of the distinction of being the only person outside of Mr. Call's family to occupy one of the rooms in the jail, and he resented the intrusion. As soon as he learned that Miss Burns occupied the front room adjoining the four cells—three of the latter are used for storage—he awoke from a lethargic state and schemed.

Eddie wanted to go out that night. He was told that if he did not return by 10 o'clock, according to the rules and requiations, he would be locked out. Ten o'clock came and no Eddie. Warden Call searched an hour for the key, found it and locked the door. The next morning at 6 o'clock Eddie was found curled up on a bed of grass beside the front steps. He was mildly lectured and advised not to repeat the performance.

Then for three nights in succession he kept the Calls and Miss Burns awake by good old fashioned snoring. He had never been known to snore before. But the new boarder got used to the snoring, so Eddie tried the ghost act. Miss Burns is a young woman of nerve. When she saw a figure standing in the doorway of her room, a figure with a sheet enveloping it, she guessed right the first time and seizing a mountain climbing stick belabored the ghost with it until he shrieked for mercy and beat a retreat to his cell. After that Eddie

climbing stick belabored the ghost with it until he shrieked for mercy and beat a retreat to his cell. After that Eddie wouldn't even speak to Miss Burns.

Last Monday night Mrs. Call, Miss Burns and some friends decided to drive to Piseco, eight miles away. Not caring to leave Eddie for fear that he might become lone-some, as Mrs. Call said, she took him along in the carriage. Eddie expressed unfavorable opinions on the drive because the horse did not travel fast enough.

Yesterday Miss Burns and a number of friends from the Lake Pleasant Inn decided to have their photographs taken standing in front of the jail, so that they might have something novel to show at might have something novel to show at home. Eddie decided to be one of the group. The camera man, who had walked three miles over a dusty road from Specu-lator, had just got the right focus when Mrs. Call joined it too. Eddie's ill feeling was at once shown. He turned up his

was at once shown. He turned up his nose and walked away.
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Call.
"I don't want my picter with the jailer's old woman alongside o' it. Not fer me; nit," was the prisoner's reply. And all the coaxing could not bring him back to the group again.

Eddie's punishment for this was no descret with his evening read. the part of a 16-year-old Virginia girl in dealing with a too ardent suitor of 60 years of age was brought up by passengers on

sert with his evening meal.

But worse was to come before the day ended. Miss Burns and her friends were about to start out on a search for young balsam trees for their tips, which are used to fill pillows. Eddie butted in and volunliams, vice-president of the Weems Steam-beat Company, the venerable suitor for the while out in the stream asked a promise of marriage, but was refused. Driven to desperation, he threw the girl into the stream. "A thoughtless thing to do," said Mr. Williams, "for every Carter's Creek girl can swim like a fish." The young woman with steady stroke made for shore, but in being thrown from the boat she had struck her leg against the side, receiving painful injuries, and soon grew exhausted. The man, seeing the danger of her position, sprang into the water and assisted her to the boat, but before doing so renewed his suit and demanded a promise of marriage.

With a smile such as only the Carter's Creek girls know, and "I was only funning when I said no," he was accepted. The boat was then rowed to the shore, when the girl had her suitor arrested for assault. teered to go up the mountain to a spot he knew where young balsams were as thick as black flies. He returned in two hours with enough balsam to fill a mat-tress. Then he asked for 50 cents for his

trouble.

"I'll soon be out of here and I'll need the

trouble.

"I'll soon be out of here and I'll need the money," he said.

The girls refused to give him a cent, so Eddie took the balsam to a clearing near by, built a fire and burned up the branches.

To-day Eddie was not allowed outside of the jail until his term expired at noon. He shook hands with overybody, strolled over to the sideboard room in the Lake Pleasant Inn, bought a drink, remarked that he was glad to leave "the other place," hoped that there would be plenty of deer after Sept. 1, and started on the fourteenmile walk to Wells.

Last fall the only prisoners at the Lake Pleasant Jail were two men who had refused to pay fines for violations of the game laws. On Thanksgiving evening Joe Morley of the inn and two friends were itching for a game of poker, but preferred a five-handed one. The two men in the jail were willing to part with some of their money in that manner, so moved to the inn and joined in the game, which lasted nearly thirty hours, so it is said. One of the prisoners said afterward that he was sorry he had not paid his fine in the first place and staved at home.

Warden Call says that the next prisoner will have to behave himself and not annoy his boarder.

A LITTLE BAST SIDS TRACEUY. The Less of a Young Couple Which Brough Tears to a Rabbi's Eyes.

A woman walked up Gouverneur street from the hospital with a baby pressed tightly to her breast. She was very young, but looked worn. Her dress was poor but neat. Tears streamed from her eyes unheeded and fell on the little white bundle in her

A pace or two behind her came a young man, a simple looking fellow, awkward in his Sunday clothes on a weekday. His face was red and his eyes were swollen.

He had been weeping, too.

As they walked rapidly up the street he kept speaking to the young woman, who shook her hea hepelessly from time to time by way of reply.

When they reached the corner of Cherry street they came face to face with a stout middle aged man with thin whiskers and gold rimmed spectacles, whose tall hat long black coat and white the identified him as the rabbi of some East Side con-gregation. He looked the couple over and stopped to speak to them.

The woman made a motion to uncove the baby's face. He put out his hand and stopped her. He said a few words, and the couple turned into Cherry street, while he crossed to the opposite side of Gouverneur.

There he met on the corner a man who had walked up from the hospital abreast with the couple. The rabbi's eyes were moist. He apparently saw something sympathetic in the other man's face, for

sympathetic in the other man's face, for he stopped again.

"It is very sad," said he.

"Baby very sick?" said the other man.

"Dying, maybe dead. The mother wanted to look, but I would not let her. Better she should reach the shelter of her home before the blow falls."

"No hope at all?"

"No. The doctors have just told them it was almost the end."

"What is the matter?"

"I do not know. I did not ask. What is the use? As I see it, there can be but one cause."

is the use? As I see it, there can be but one cause."

"Very true. By the way, they did not appear to me to be of your people."

"No, no, not at all. But shall I not say a word of comfort to any soul in such grief? It was their first born, and a boy. I see such things every day; but you never get used to it. The same hopeless wonder always comes over me at first—it is instinct—until I think, and then, as I told them just now, I know it is for our good in the long run."

He took off his spectacles and wiped them, wiped his eyes, too, looked at the other man a moment without speaking, and went on his way.

BAD DOLLAR STOPPED WEDDING.

Took Good Money to Satisfy the License

Clerk.

From the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. He was from Benjestown. He tied his mule in front of the court house and dis-mounted with an effort. It required no one mounted with an emort. It required no one deeply versed in the ways of life to recognize that most of his life had been spent in the cotton fields. After leaving his animal tied to a post he looked suspiciously about and inquired of a bystander where he could secure a marriage license. He hobbled into the room. His head was covered with the snows of perhaps eighty winters. An old antebellum negro of a type that is fast disap-pearing—so the keen eyed clerk sized him

With the instinct of long experience deorge Weatherford, county license inspector, knew

"Dan Shurley, suh," was his name, and "Susan Washington, suh," was the bride. Dan said he didn't know his age, but declared that his master told him that he was "fohty yeahs old de year after de s'render, in Christmas monf." "Two and a hair is the fee," said the official. Dan turned about smiling. He had the money, as he thought. He had made two ventures into the matrimonial lottery and this was the third. In reply to a question, he answered that his bride was of age.

From a crevice deep in his overalls pocket he pulled out the money and placed it on the desk, at the same time taking held of the license. "One of these dollars is counterfeit." he was informed. It was plainly so, and required no Government inspector to verify that fact. Dan was chagrined. He realized that no license could be secured without the fee. It was all of his money. His lips fell, tears bedimmed his old and weak eyes and a look of sorrow crossed his face. He gave a plaintive sigh, looked apnealing at the clerk, but he saw that he must have a "good" dollar to get the license. Not a word did he say, but, turning around more stooped than before, he hobbled out, the picture of bitter disappointment. "Ize goin' to Benjes' to git anoder doi-h," was his reply to the question of an inquisitive reporter. And Dan mounted h
mule to go back and tell Susan of his ill luck

From the Kaneas City Journal. During the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock every morning in the week alinighters and early morning pedestrians meet a dog in the viciuity of Main and Twelfth streets carry-ing in its mouth a tin bucket. The dog seemingly comes from the southwest part of the city and persists in keeping the middle of the roadway and walking between the street and car tracks. It never ventures on the isidewalk, and when an owl car the car is well out of the way before resuming its journey, which terminates somewhere in the wholesale district.

He woolesale district.

He would never win a beauty prize at a dog show, but what he lacks in beauty he makes up in fidelity to duty and master. His coat is shargy and unkempt and he seemingly believes that familiarity breeds contempt, for he steadfastly refuses to make friends with anybody and shows disdain toward those who have made a show of friendliness.

"Keep your distance and I'll keep mine" "Keep your distance and I'll keep mine" is meaningly shown by the dog's manner, and this bolds good to dogs as well as people, for it is noticeable that he is not interfered with by canines that he meets up with in his travels. The other dogs gaze at him in wonderment, but make no advances either friendly or hostile. As yet no one has been able to find out what the tin bucket contains, but it has been suggested that it may be the early breakfast of bis master, who, it is thought, is employed as either watchman or night engineer somewhere in the effice buildings or wholesale district.

## ADORES ANNUALLY IN PUBLIC

GRAPITUDE OF SIGNOR BOCHINO FOR THE VIRGIN'S AID.

He Lay a-Dying, Looked on Her Picture and Got Well—Then He Vowed to Celebrate Annually, and He Keeps His Yow— The Pleturesque Scene That Besults.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 27 .- In Naples, thirtyfive years ago, Michael Bochine, now a resident of Highlandtown, a suburb of Baltimore, was supposedly on his deathbed. He was suffering from a maindy of the stomach, and, believing that death was near, fixed his eyes on a large painting of the Madonna which hung in his bedroom. Bechino asserts that at this particular instant there was a strange manifestation of the Virgin. His condition changed for the better and in a short time he was a well man. Before he left his bed, however,

he took an eath that on every anniversary of the beginning of his cure he would hold a public celebration in honor of the Virgin. This Bochino has faithfully done. This year's celebration was held a few days ago. It was carried out in elaborate style. Glaring handbills had been posted in conspicuous places about Canton and Highlandtown several weeks before. On them was printed a glowing description of what was to take place, including promise of the expenditure of many dollars for fire-

works and balloon ascensions. The ceremony attending the keeping of the vow started at dawn. Boohise and his family then gathered about an image at home and began their devotions. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon an Italian band arrived. A procession was formed and all those participating in the care-mony marched to a lot where the outdoor celebration was to take place. A granddaughter of the Italian carried the figure of the Virgin. In front of the band a small boy carried an American flag on an immense pole. Following him came another boy carrying an Italian flag on a much smaller pole. This was a lesson Boehine learned several years ago, when his procession

several years ago, when his procession was attacked by patriotic citizens who resented his placing the Italian flag above the Stars and Stripes.

Arriving at the shrine, Bochine put the image of the Virgin on an improvised altar. Then to the playing of music he ascended the steps and prayed. Here, however, there was a discord, which the devout Bochine had not provided against. The music was almost too lively to fit the solamnity of the occasion.

Bochino had not provided against. The music was almost too lively to fit the solemnity of the occasion.

After the Virgin had been adored, Bechine shouted to some of his helpers, who immediately began to let off giant firecrackers. That, he explained, was to drive away the evil spirits.

In preparing for the event he had been lavish in decorations. Bunting, Japanese lanterns and American fiags were artistically arranged about the place. The altar showed the Italian artistic sense.

This year's peaceful celebration was in contrast to a strenuous one last summer, which resulted in Bochino being arrested for assault and spending the night in a cell. The celebration had attracted a number of urchins, and when Bochine was kneeling before the shrine he was struck in the stomach with a stone. Bochine suspended his devotions and, grabbing a boy who was in the act of throwing a piece of watermelon rind, beat him into insensibility. There was a free fight and Bochine was arrested. The musicians, deciding that the atmosphere of Highlandtown did not suit them, lost no time in decamping. Bochino's friends stripped the shrine of its glory and the fireworks which were to have made the scene one of splendor were not fired off.

Pesting the Glove at English Fals. From the London Daily Med.

One of those old world customs, dating from time immemorial, which are still to be found flourishing in parts of rural England, was observed at Honiton yesterday, when in quaint phraseology the annual fair was Attired in a costume somewhat resembling

that of the ancient parish beadles, with a three cornered hat, blue coat and treusers and waistcoat, plentifully ornamented with gilt braid, the town crier of the ancient borough took up his stand at midday outside the market house.

As the hour struck this gorgeously attired official delivered himself of the following

announcement:
"Oyez! oyez! oyez! The fair's begun. The
glove is up. No man can be arrested till
the glove is taken down. God save the King!"
This proclamation, which was made in the This proclamation, which was made in the presence of the borrough officials and members of the council, annually attracts a large crowd of visitors and sightseers, and the assemblage repeats in chorus the words of the proclamation. The announcement is also made in other parts of the town, and at the conclusion of each stoppage nuts are thrown for the crowd to scramble for.

The fair dates back to the time of Henry III., when Isabella de Fortibus was the Lady of the Manor.

The glove is a large gilt model of a glove or hand, affixed to the top of a long pole, it is displayed on the balcony of an ancient hostelry in the centre of the cattle fair on the Wednesday, and on Thursday is removed to the other end of the town, where the horse fair is held.

The promised immunity from arrest is a relic of "the good old days" when the debtors laws were in existence.

Words the Old Mare Understood.

From the Washington Post.

"It is a queer thing the way animals learn the meaning of certain words," said Mr. W. T.

Reeves of Little Rock.

"I remember as a boy a certain old gray mare that belonged to our family, which one of my older brothers had ridden the whole time of his service in the Confederate Army She was a magnificent saddle animal and ordinarily as gentle as a lamb, but if any one ventured to say, when on her back, 'Look out, the Yankees are coming!' she would proceed to bolt at the very top of her speed as though terror stricken, and it was a difficult thing terror stricken, and it was a difficult thing to quiet her down. I suppose the words had in some way been borne in upon her equine intelligence during the conflict, and they must have had some frightful meaning. Once I addressed them to her to my sorrow, for, suddenly wheeling, she left the road and plunged into a thick piece of woodland, with the result that a projecting limb knocked me senseless to the ground. After that, when astride of the old mare, I studiously avoided all reference to the Yankees."

#### THIS IS WAY TIRED WOMEN MAY

There are women who are always tired. I These include business women, counting as those listed in the professional schedule; at night. She freshens up a bit and then household workers, the women who run either their own home or the home of someone else, and rich women who need not chair. She tips backward and she bends

Of all these, the woman who gets most tired is probably the office worker. The girl who goes to an office every day, rain or shine, regardless of her health, regardless of her home cares, regardless of everytung except the dollars she must earn, is always on the go, and they can take easier the woman who is apt to suffer most from

The tired out office girl when she comes home must rest, and to rest properly is one of the hardest things on earth. How are you going to rest just because you are old to do so? It isn't easy to rest to order. The only way to seek rest to order is to They open the lungs and exercise the lie down, and that is not always so restful chest. They also bring the flabby neck as it might be.

The woman who sits all day in an office comes home tired and lies down invites fat by this course. She gets no exercise during the day and she gets none at night. too tired to exercise.

A certain woman, who runs a big business and hopes to retire some day, has a trick of undressing the minute she arrives home puts on a gymnasium suit.

She seats herself and does stunts with a forward and she bends sideways. She says it rests her back and relieves her muscles and stimulates her nerves.

Tired out society women should try

very much the same thing; but their exer-

calisthenics. If the tired society woman will put on kimono and will stand with both hands out in front of her making a waving movement with the arms she will get good re-

sults. These movements of the arms are muscles into play and prevent them from

The kimono exercises are four in number. Stand erect and put both arms out in front of you. Lower them to your sides

The second kimono movement calls for | arms outstretched as far as possible. The arms are now thrown backward until the backs of the hands tap each other behind you There are not many who can do this. But every one can try it. The third kimono exercise is a see-saw

motion. Up goes one arm and down goes the other. The fourth is the upward movement. You touch your fingertips above your head. Then you bend backward.

You do this again and again until you feel yourself refreshed. It is the most freshening of all exercises. There is such a thing as being too tired to work hard. And for this there is the rest

Many a tired out society woman takes the rest cure when she feels that she cannot go on any longer. The rest cure calls for three remedies, the massage treatment, the medicated bath and the rest cure proper.

The massage treatment begins, if you are thin, with massaging oils into the skin. The oils can be perfumed, and there are

very thin, nice creams that are just the thing for the purpose. An excellent massage cream is no thicker

than cream of milk. It is made by taking ! an ounce of sheep's fat and keeping it hot in a double boiler. To this is added two ounces of the pure oil of sweet almonds. Finally, there can be a few drops of the oil of lavender flowers, or a little oil of geranium, to scent it. The whole is removed from the fire and slowly beaten with an egg beater as it cools. If too thin, it can be reheated and a lump of spermaceti of the size of a walnut added. It will keep for-

ever and be nice for daily use. Massaging with a good cold cream is an art understood especially by the Swedes, but it can be learned by any one. The trick is to follow the muscles.

Don't forget that it is the muscles that

get tired. Massage them lightly, but fully, and remember that the treatment must be light and not at all fatiguing. The patient is tired to begin with, and the massage should be invigorating, rather

Medicated baths are understood through out Europe but are rare encugh in this country. The mud bath, in particular, is almost unknown here. Yet it is not so difficult to give a mud bath or a medicated bath. the bath will help the tired nerves, and a little bath vinegar is almost necessary. There are ammonia preparations that are excellent, and you can make the best of

cologne baths very cheaply. One woman gathers sweet herbs and covers them with white vinegar. This she pours off after a while, and straining the vinegar, she keeps it to add to the bath. There is another woman who makes an excellent rose vinegar for the toilet. She takes two handfuls of prepared and spiced rose leaves out of the rose jar and puts them in a deep stone crock. Into this she pours one quart of the best of claret vinegar. She lets this stand for three days, pours

off and strains and bottles. Nothing could be finer for the bath. Very weak ammonia scented with cologne is good. And there is a preparation called in the South the bath of the aristocracy. It is made by taking a pint of spirits of cologne and adding to it ten drops of good ammonia. This is tightly corked. After a week a bottle of violet toilet water is

added, and the whole is put away in a jug or large bottle. When the bath is drawn it is made milky

A handful of sweet herbs thrown into with a teaspoon of tincture of bensoin, and

with a teaspoon of tincture of benzoin. and a then a cup of this bath perfume is added. This makes a delicious bath.

The tired out woman should take a bath it that refreshes the nerves. There is a whole lot in nerve refreshment. Don't think you can rest while your nerves are unstrung.

Everybody who has teuched the wings of a moth knows how readily the cosles, or "dust," are rubbed from them, and how soon the wing designs disappear under such teatment. Yet how marvellously does rature work! for before this creature can use its lowly wir gs, it has to break through its pupa case, or chrysalis shell, and then sever coresiderable force and pressure to push its way through the coarse, rough soil. Nevertheless, when it has performed this apparently in jurious but very necessary labor, and issues forth to the world above, it appears perfect and unblemished. As its wirgs dry and expand, their delicate to velvet-like beauty—which one touch from our firgers can so irreparably damage—manifests itself with a perfection that is simply astounding, considering that their sect has so recently pushed, its way condition, considering that their sect has so recently pushed its way through three or four inches or more of soil.

Later on after it has recovered from the labors of its emergence, it may crawl to a less exposed situation and there rest again until nightfall, when with a silent movement it glides into the air, and is gone to seek its mate.